

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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No. 36

BY THE SEA.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

How sweet upon this wild promontory  
To watch the motion of the waves below,  
Breaking o'er sand and shells perpetually  
Or falling on pointed rocks, like flashes of  
snow;  
And ships, slowly fading from the watching eye,  
Dive beneath the waves to catch the smaller  
tide.  
That swim in crowded shoals beneath the  
tide.  
The setting sun adorns the western sky,  
Through the clouds with streaks of red,  
And all is silent save the restless sea,  
Sweeping forever o'er its pebbly bed!

## SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE PROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE  
OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George B. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol.  
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BOOK IV.

V.—[Continued.]

The garden was crowded with people. They had come to hear the music; and in the dust and the fracas of chairs, each sought for a place. The two friends quickly entered a restaurant to escape all this din. They installed themselves in one of those large salons, on the first floor, from whence they could see the green leaves of the trees, the promenades and the ornament of a water fountain between the two melancholy squares of the parterre. For Sigismund twas the ideal of luxury, this restaurant hall, with gold everywhere, around the mirrors, in the chandelier and even upon the hangings of figured paper. The white napkin, the little bread, the carte de dinner at a fixed price filled him with joy.

"We are well-fixed, are we not?" said he to Risler.

Then, at each one of the dishes of this feast at two francs, fifty centimes, he cried out, filled by force his friend's plate:

"Eat this—it's good!"

The other, despite his desire to do honor to the fete, seemed preoccupied and looked steadily out of the window.

"Do you remember, Sigismund?" said he after the lapse of a moment.

The old cailler, wrapped up in his memory of other times, in the first appearance of Risler at the manufactory, responded:

"I believe I remember—let me see! The first time that we dined together at the Palais-Royal was in February, '46, the year in which they introduced flat plates at the manufactory."

Risler shook his head:

"Oh! no! I speak of what took place three years ago. 'Tis there, facing us, where we dined, that famous evening."

And he pointed out to him the great windows of the salon of Vefour which the setting sun lighted up with the chandeliers of a wedding banquet.

"'Tis true!" murmured Sigismund somewhat confused. What an unfortunate idea he had had to bring his friend to a spot which recalled to him such painful things!

Risler, not wishing to render the repast so-so-far, lifted his glass hastily.

"Here's to your health, my old comrade."

He strove to turn away the conversation. But a moment after, he himself brought it back to the same subject, and in a low tone, as if he was ashamed, he asked of Sigismund:

"Have you seen her?"

"Your wife? No—never!"

"She wrote no more?"

"No—no more at all."

"But, at least, you ought to have news of her. What has she done during these six months? Does she live with her parents?"

"No!"

Risler grew pale.

He had hoped that Sidonie would have returned to her mother, that she would have toiled, like him, to forget and expiate. He had thought often that from what he might learn of her when he should have the right to speak of her, he would regulate his future life, and in one of those distant futures which have the indecision of a dream, he saw himself sometimes exiling himself with the Chebes in the midst of some thoroughly unknown country where nothing would recall to him the past shame. This was not a project, certainly; but it lived in the depths of his mind like a hope and that need which all human beings have to recover happiness.

"Is she in Paris?" asked he after a few instants of reflection.

"No. She has been gone these three months. No one knows whether she has departed."

Sigismund did not add that she had gone

with her Cababon whose name she now bore, that they had travelled together through the country towns, that her mother was grief-stricken, saw her no longer and never heard of her except from Delobelle. Sigismund did not believe he ought to say anything about all that, and after his last words: "She has departed," he paused.

Risler on his side did not dare to ask anything further.

Whilst they were there, opposite to each other, terribly embarrassed by the long silence, the military band started up under the trees of the garden. They played one of those Italian opera overtures which seem made for the open sky of public promenades, and the numerous notes of which mingle, as they mount into the air, with the "psst!"—psst! —of the swallow, with the purry

swallows which from the rain gutter in which they crowded together, one against another, saluted the closing day with a final chirp.

"Where shall we go?" asked Plamus on quitting the restaurant.

"Wherever you will."

There was in the immediate vicinity, on a first floor of the Rue Montpensier, a cafe chantant into which they saw a great crowd entering.

"Shall we ascend?" asked Plamus, who wished to dissipate at any price the sorrow of his friend.

"The beer is excellent."

Risler allowed himself to be drawn along; for six months he had not tasted

beer.

Twas a former restaurant transformed into a concert hall. Three large rooms, the

toilets and the triviality of their counter amuse, all these ladies stretching their little gills towards the fishhook of sentiment, rolled languishing eyes in the direction of the singer. The fan of the thing was to see this look at the stage transform itself suddenly, become disdainful and sanguineous as it fell upon the husband, the husband about to drink tranquillizing beer of beer opposite to his wife.

"The man who would be capable of being *sentimental* in the face of lions and in a black coat also, and with yellow gloves!"

And the eye of the husband had just the air of responding.

"Ah! yes—he's a jolly fellow!"

Indifferent enough to that kind of heroism, Risler and Sigismund sipped their beer without paying great attention to the music,

He had fears for his friend, without knowing precisely of what; and immediately the idea came to him to take him away:

"Let us go, Risler. We will die of heat here."

The moment they arose—for Risler cared no more about remaining than departing—the orchestra, composed of a piano and several violins, began a fantastic flourish. That took place in the hall a movement of curiosity.

"Pere le Poer!" cried out to him.

"The unhappy man heard nothing."

He stared at his wife.

"L'amour, l'amour qui tourne la tête à R."

repeated Sidonie affectfully.

"For a moment he asked himself if he should not leap upon the stage and kill everybody. Red flashes passed before his eyes like a blinding of fury.

Then suddenly shame and disgust seized

on him, and he precipitated himself out of doors overturning chairs, tables, punged by the startled looks and imprecations of all the scandalized shop-keepers.

which to coo out the only romance that Mademoiselle Dolson had ever been able to teach her?

Pauv' petite Man'sole Ria!

Ces Pâmo, Pâmo qui tourne la tête à R."

Risler had arisen, in spite of the efforts of Plamus.

"Sit down—sit down!" they cried out to him.

The unhappy man heard nothing.

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VI.

SIDONIE'S VENGEANCE.

Never, during the twenty years and more that he had dwelt at Montreuil, had Sigismund Plamus returned so late, without notifying his sister. Hence Mademoiselle Plamus was in great anxiety. Living in community of ideas and everything with her brother, there being but one and the same soul for her and for him, the old maid had felt for many months the rebound of all the impatience of all the indignation of the castle; and soon this there remained to her, even now, a great facility for trembling and being troubled. At the least day of Sigismund she thought:

"Ah! Great Heaven! Suppose there has been some complication at the manufactory?"

Behold why, that evening, once the poultry perched and asleep, the dinner cleared away without having been touched, Mademoiselle Plamus sat down in the little low parlor, and waited, full of agitation.

At last towards eleven o'clock somebody rang. A timid and melancholy pull at the bell which resembled in nothing the vigorous jerk of Sigismund.

"Is it you, Monsieur Plamus?" demanded the old maid from the top of the steps.

"It was he, but he did not come in alone.

A tall old man all bent followed him, who, on entering, said good day in a slow voice. Then only Mademoiselle Plamus recognized Risler Aine, whom she had not seen since the New Year's Day visits, that is to say some time before all the dramas of the manufactory. She could scarcely keep back an exclamation of pity, but before the grave silence of the two men, she comprehended that she must restrain herself.

"Mademoiselle Plamus, my sister, you will put fresh sheets on my bed. Our friend Risler will do us the honor to sleep here, to-night."

The old maid went very quickly to prepare the chamber with a care almost tender; for besides M. Plamus, my brother, Risler was the only man excepted from the general reprobation in which she enveloped them all.

On quitting the *cafe chantant*, Sidonie's husband had at first been frightfully excited for a moment. He had walked, one arm of Plamus, his whole body relaxed. At that hour, there was no longer any need to go look for the latter and the packet at Montreuil.

"Leave me—go away," said he to Sigismund.

But the other would on no account have abandoned him thus to his despair. Without Risler noticing it, he had drawn him far away from the manufactory, and the intelligence of his heart inspiring the old cailler with what he ought to say to his friend, along the entire route he had spoken to him only of Franz, his dear Franz whom he so much loved.

"Yes, yes, there is affection, true and sure. No treason to fear with hearts like his."

Whilst talking, they had left Paris noisy to the centre. They walked now along the quays, went in the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes, plunged into the Faubourg Saint-Marcouf. Risler allowed him self to be led. The words of Plamus did him so much good!

They arrived thus beside the Bièvre, bordered in that spot by tanneries, the great, broad, dry dyers of which shut out the blue upon the depths of the sky; then, in the embankment place of Montreuil, vast lands having been stripped by the breath of fire which Paris spread around from its daily tool, like a gigantic dragon whose breathing of smoke, of steam, suffer no vegetation within their reach.

From Montreuil to the fortifications of Montreuil to but a step. Once there, Plamus had not much trouble to draw his friend to his dwelling. He thought with reason that his calm household, the spectacle of a fraternal friendship, peaceable and devoted, would penetrate the heart of that unfortunate like a forecastle of the happiness which awaited him near brother Franz. And in truth, scarcely had they entered when the charm of the little house operated.

"Yes, yes, you are right, my old fellow," said Risler walking rapidly about in the low parlor. "I must thank no more of that woman. She is as one dead for me now. I have only my dear Franz in the world. I know not yet whether I will bring him back or whether I will go to rejoin him; what is certain is that we will remain together. I desired so much to have a son. Besides my son found. I want no other. When I think that I have had for an instant the idea of dying—she would have been



partitions of which had been taken down to make the warm mildness of those ends of summer days, so wearisome, so long in Paris, depart appropriately; it seems that one hears nothing but them. The distant wheels, the cries of playing children, the footsteps of the promenaders are borne away in those sonorous waves leaping out and refreshing, as useful to the Parisians as the daily watering of their promenades.

Although it was yet early, every part was full; and one was suffocated, even before entering, simply from seeing that conglomeration of people seated around the tables, and at the very extremity, half-hidden, by the succession of columns, those women around the fatigued flowers, the trees white with dust, the faces which the heat has rendered pale and sad, all the sorrows, all the miseries of a great city bent down and dreary upon the benches of the garden received from them an impression of relief and comfort. The air is stirred, renewed by these accords which pass through it filling it with harmony.

The poor Risler felt something like an unbinding of all his nerves.

"Oh! no! I speak of what took place three years ago. 'Tis there, facing us, where we dined, that famous evening."

And he pointed out to him the great windows of the salon of Vefour which the setting sun lighted up with the chandeliers of a wedding banquet.

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much too happy for my death. Madame What's-his-name! I wish to live, to the contrary, live with my Frauds, and only for him!"

"Brave!" cried Sigismund, "that's the way I wanted to see you."

"Indeed modest! Mademoiselle Plamus came to announce that the chamber was ready."

Riser asked pardon for the disturbance he had caused.

"You are so well, so happy here. It is truly right to bring you my sorrow."

"All my old enemies, you can make for yourself a happiness just like ours," said the good Sigismund radiantly with joy. "I have my sister—you have your brother. What is it that we lack?"

Riser smiled vaguely. He saw himself already installed with Frauds in a little house, tranquil and Quaker-like as this.

Decidedly Pere Plamus had had a good idea.

"Now to bed," said he with a triumphant air.

"We will show you your chamber."

Sigismund Plamus' chamber was a room on the ground floor, a large room plainly but neatly furnished, with cotsoneau curtains to the windows, to the canopy of the bed, with little squares of carpet at the feet of the chairs upon the shining floor. Madame Fromont, the mother, herself, could have done nothing to find fault with the order, in the spruce appearance of the place. Upon shelves forming a bookcase were ranged "The Angler's Manual, The Perfect Country Housekeeper, The Arithmetical Calculation Tables." This was the intellectual portion of the apartment.

Pere Plamus looked pensively about him. The vase of water was in its place upon the walnut table, the shaving box upon the toilet stand.

"You see, Riser. There is everything that is necessary. However, if you should find anything lacking, the keys are in all the locks—you have but to turn them. And such a fine view we have from here. It is a little dark at this moment; but tomorrow morning, on awaking, you will see that this is magnificent."

He opened the window. Great drops of rain had begun to fall, and flashes of lightning rending the night showed the long, silent line of slopes which stretched far away, with telegraph poles from place to place or the sombre gap of a casement. At intervals the step of a patrol upon the *chemin de ronde*, the clatter of a gun or of a sabre recalled that they were in the military zone. Such was the horizon so much vaunted by Plamus, melancholy horizon as it was.

"And now good night. Sleep well." But at the moment the old cashier was going away, his friend called him back.

"Sigismund?"

"Here," said the good man, and he awaited.

Riser blushed slightly, had that movement of the lips of a man who is about to speak, then controlling himself with a great effort:

"No, no—nothing! Good night, my old comrade."

In the dining-room the brother and sister talked for a long while in low voices. Plamus related the terrible event of the evening, the meeting with Sidonie; and you can well imagine the "Oh! the women!" and the "Oh! the men!" that were uttered. Finally, when the gate of the little garden had been locked, Mademoiselle Plamus ascended to her chamber and Sigismund installed himself at best he could in a small adjoining apartment.

Towards the middle of the night, the cashier was wakened suddenly by his sister, who called to him in a guarded tone, very much frightened:

"Mademoiselle Plamus, my brother?"

"Eh?"

"Have you heard?"

"No. What?"

"Oh! it's awful! Something like a great sigh, but so loud, but so melancholy! It came from the chamber below!"

They listened. Without, the rain was falling in torrents, with that noise of the leaves which gives to the country an impression so complete of isolation and extent. "It's the wind," said Plamus.

"I am sure it is not. There! Listen!" In the tumult of the storm, a groan ascended, like a sob made of a name painfully pronounced:

"Frauds! Frauds!"

It was sinister and mournful.

When Christ on the cross threw into space towards the blank heavens his despairing cry: "Klo! Klo! tame sabach-thani," those who heard him must have felt the supernatural terror which suddenly seized upon Mademoiselle Plamus.

"I am afraid," she murmured. "If you would give me what is the master."

"No, no, we must let him be. He is thinking of his brother. Poor fellow! I think that thought alone which can do him the most good."

And the old cashier fell asleep again.

The next day he awoke, as usual, at the sound of the drum at dawn, in the fort, for the little house, surrounded with barracks, regulated all its life by the calls. The sister, already arisen, was calling the poultry. On seeing Sigismund, she came towards him, something excited.

"It's strange," said she. "I hear nothing stirring in M. Riser's room. Nevertheless the window is wide open."

Sigismund, greatly astonished, knocked at his friend's door.

"Riser! Riser!"

He called with a certain uneasiness.

"Riser! Are you there? Are you asleep?"

There was no answer. He opened the door.

The chamber was cold. He felt that, through the open window, the dampness from without had invaded it all the night. At the first glance of the eye thrown upon the body Plamus thought: "He did not retire." In truth, the coverings were intact, and in the room, a night full of agitation revealed itself in the least details, in the lamp still smoking, and which he had neglected to extinguish, in the decanter entirely emptied in a fever of sleeplessness; but what terrified the cashier was to find he had carelessly deposited the letter and the packet confided to him by his friend.

The letter was no longer there. The packet unfolded, remaining upon the table, exposed to sight a photograph, the portrait of Sidonie at fifteen years of age. With her dress and neckerchief, her refractory locks, parted on the forehead, her embarrassed pose of yet awkward girlhood, the little Chete of other days, the apprentice of Mademoiselle Le Mire, remained in nothing the Sidonie of now. And 'twas exactly for that that Riser had kept this photograph, as a souvenir not of his wife, but of the "little one."

Sigismund was overwhelmed. "It is my fault," said he to himself. "I should have taken away the keys. But who would have suspected that he still thought of them. He had so strongly sworn to me that that woman existed no longer for him."

At this moment Mademoiselle Plamus entered, her countenance agitated.

"M. Riser is gone!" said she.

"Gone? The garden gate was not fastened then?"

"He clambered over the wall. The marks are visible."

They looked at each other, terrified.

Plamus thought: "Twas the letter!"

Ridiculous that letter of his wife had apprised Riser of something extraordinary; and in order not to awaken his hosta, he had escaped without noise, through the window, like a robber. Why? With what?

"You will see, my sister," said the poor Plamus, finishing his toilet in haste, "you will see that that jade has again played him some trick." And as the old maid strove to reassure him, the good man returned as usual his favorite motto:

"I have no confidence!" Then, as soon as ready, he plunged out doors.

Upon the ground softened by the heavy rain of the night, the steps of Riser could be distinguished as far as the gate of the little garden. He must have departed before day, for the squares of vegetables and the borders of flowers were turned down at basins by force of insects, spaced by long scratches on the wall at the bottom had white serpents, a slight trembling away at the top. The brother and sister went out upon the public road. Here the mark of the steps became impossible to follow. They saw, however, that Riser had gone in the direction of the Orleans highway.

"In verity," hazarded Mademoiselle Plamus, "we are very good at tormenting ourselves; he has perhaps merely returned to the manufactory."

Sigismund shook his head. Ah! if he had said all that he thought.

"Return, my sister. I am going to see—"

And the old "I have no confidence" departed like a gust of wind, his white hair still more on end than usual.

At that hour, upon the public road, there was a coming and going of soldiers, of market-gardeners, the relief guard, officers' horses which were being led about, canteen-keepers with their equipment, all the noise, all the commotion which take place in the morning around forts. Plamus went with rapid steps into the midst of the racket, when all at once he paused. Upon the left, at the foot of the slope, before a little square building on which might be read in black on the rough plaster:

CITY OF PARIS,

ENTRANCE TO THE QUARRIES,

he perceived a crowd gathered and uniforms of soldiers, of custom-house officers, mixed with the miserable and earth-stained blouses of the ravers of the barriers. Instinctively the old man approached. Under a circular postern with iron bars, a custom-house officer, seated upon the stone step, was talking with great gestures, as if he were making a demonstration:

"He was here where I am," said he. "He hung himself seated, pulling with all his strength upon the cord—like that—he is! And it is certain that he had resolved to die, for they found a razor in his pocket with which he would have inflicted himself in case he were making a demonstration."

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"Ah! jade, jade!" cried he, brandishing his fist; and one could not tell whether 'twas to the woman or to the city that he had spoken!

THE END.

(Continued.)

The wind had continued to blow as hard as ever. The heavy cross winds increased, and the ship labored and strained continually. The chief officer and I could appreciate how well she had "taken up." Instead of taking up she had opened out, and now leaked like a bucket. And as wonder. An old, worn-out, soft-wood ship, loaded like sand bags with pump fuel.

"All sargos is one of the very worst; the ironing of the ship is dead before she's ready to sink. If we go on pumping till she's ready to sink, we will be so knocked up not one of us will be able to do anything for himself. So, now, sir, you can do as you like. Your life is as much consequence to you as mine is to me. If you keep her here she will sink before midnight, and you'll have the shanks with the rest. But pump we won't. And now you can put me in iron; that is, you can try it. 'Twill be a hard time the man will have if who does try."

There was that in the look and in the quiet, determined tones of the man that made the skipper look twice before he



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Among these may be cited many well authenticated instances of the desire shown by dogs to accompany their masters to the place of worship.

The writer has known many such. In one instance, the family objected to the proceeding, and tried to stop it by shutting the dog up before leaving for church. This succeeded for one or two weeks, but afterward when Sunday came, doggie was nowhere to be seen, until arriving near the church there he was, awaiting their entrance and positively refusing to be driven back. He knew when Sunday came, and always continued to be out of the way in the morning, until at last he was permitted to go to church unmolested.

In Brooklyn N. Y., lived a dog known to the writer that for a long time was a regular attendant at the Reid Ave., M. E. Church. He conducted himself with eminent propriety, disturbed no one, and evidently enjoyed the service, for he was always at his paws, whether any member of the family to whom he belonged was there or not.

One day the pastor of the church without just cause, rudely drove him back as he was

about taking his accustomed place, and sent him yelping up the street; but he did not immediately return home. He took his course straight to the church of another denomination where he secured admission, and thereafter worshipped (in his fashion) regularly until his death several years after.

Two traits exhibited by many of the more intelligent species of dogs may lead to their desire of church-going. They may be attracted by the music, as it is well known that many of them delight in it, as indeed is the case with many other animals. A cat in the possession of the writer always seeks entrance to the parlor when the organ is being played and manifests her pleasure by purring, and in her own way asking an *encore* when the music ceases.

It is well known that dogs are no mean judges of human nature; that they will readily discern the humor of their masters and govern themselves accordingly. We have known a dog to utterly refuse to own or to take any notice of his master when the latter was intoxicated, and seemingly to manifest intense disgust. It is possible that having observed that men put on their best behavior, as well as their best clothes when attending church, the dogs find special enjoyment in their society at that time, and if one is improved by high association, then the practice of church-going dogs is certainly worthy of all commendation.

## ABE!

In the days of useful (?) misery, when we were being guided by a rattle through the mysteries of English grammar as expounded by Lindley Murray, we were best pleased with the part of speech called the "Interjection." First because so little was said about it, and so its story was soon learned.

Then it was such a lively little member; popping up here and there in a sentence like a frolicsome boy in a crowd of staid, grown people, and having just such an irrepressible way with it, that it appeared the most companionable part of speech for a youngster. It had too so direct and electric a vim; like the crack of a whip-lash, or the explosion of a fire-cracker.

In our youthful reading, the stories were favorites which were thickly studded with its sharp point; we could tell at a glance which pieces to skip; if there were none of these explosives, it must of course be wise and good and therefore out of the range of our sympathies, so that was before we had learned to be wise and good.

Mature years have shown that the youthful instincts were not at fault in singling out the interjections for special regard. They may claim precedence in the history of language.

The baby's first feeble wail is expressed in these, the only forms of speech he knows, brought with him from other spheres, and alone surviving the wreck of his recollections of pre-existence: for many months they are a sufficient vernacular for all his wishes, woes, and wondrous thoughts. No other part of language ever bears such burden.

It is the root form, the universal element of vocal expression, and as such is well understood and used by all the lower creatures who click, buzz, pipe, bray, bark, and belch, each after his kind, and find ample scope thereto for all their outgoings of thought by language. Thus it forms a most important link in tracing the advancement of species up to higher grades; they may lose their tails, shed their fur, feathers and horns, discard their trunks, stretch their ears, and undergo most puzzling metamorphoses, but under every guise they hold fast this form of sound words.

Note especially how the interjection is the very embodiment of expression; the essence of language! It is briefly abbreviated, and forced accordingly—it will pierce between the joints which could withstand the heaviest blows of words of learned length and thunderous sound. The "Pish," of the skeptic has overthrown pyramids of polemics; the "Hallelujah!" of Saints has driven consternation into the hardened ranks of sinners and brought them to their knees.

"Alas!" sorrow fills my soul; grief makes weary my days and fills my nights with unrest; robs life of its brightness, obscures my thoughts so that I can no longer see truth or goodness, and spreads a pall over the universe.

The interjection is the rule crack; the words which follow are only the echoes which reverberate among the hills and hollows. That no newspaper correspondent would apply these truths! How much eye-sight, patience, scratch-work, and "thankful declining" might we be saved.

## ANSWER TO THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

The puzzle below was published in the Post of January 27th, and a prize, "The Works of Charles Dickens in 14 volumes," was offered for the first correct solution which should be received before March 1st. We have waited some weeks after that date, thinking some one might hit upon the right answer before seeing it here, but not one correct solution has been received.

The puzzle was:

E C E H A R T  
e e e e e e

The proper reading of it is: One c's with e by h art over many c's, or: One sees with ease by a chart over many seas.

## A SUGGESTION.

It is always in order to ask your friends and neighbors to share your pleasure in reading the Post. We do not complain of those who lend their papers, but commend their kindness, the more especially as we believe that those who examine a few successive numbers will desire to possess it for themselves.

Old-fashioned Methodists were noted for the amenities of their worship.

about taking his accustomed place, and sent him yelping up the street; but he did not immediately return home. He took his course straight to the church of another denomination where he secured admission, and thereafter worshipped (in his fashion) regularly until his death several years after.

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## GOME.

BY CHARLES S. LARSON.

Heavy hang the crimson roses  
On the dew-damp mound,  
As the sunlight cold and silent,  
Withered are the perfumed roses,  
Tied with golden trees.

Listen! the song of Gome,  
Gome, the shadow of all living beauties,  
Why seek out her bed,  
But the stars in the way?

If I could only know her now,  
But she stands in the way,  
Fit, I'll kill it—Love is better,  
Than the song of Gome.

Listen! the voice of Gome,  
Hark! 'tis the voice of Gome,  
Rippling o'er the grave,  
Dance silver mystic moonlight,

Listen to her Love eternal  
Breaking rocks in dark dead sea,  
Whose woods into that Heaven  
With my ear against the cold ground,  
Listen! 'tis the song of Gome,

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

charge me. But, now, on my part, I demand: Can you explain to me how it comes that Dick Dashington, otherwise my college friend Richard Thornton, has in his possession, at this moment, your photograph?"

"My photograph, Charlie? My photograph?" repeated Gusie, in alarm. "What do you mean? Truly, I cannot explain it, for I did not know that such was the case. Oh, do believe me, Charlie, I did not!" And Gusie, with not a trace of her proud, scornful manner remaining, clasped her hands entreatingly, and looked up into Graham's stern face with an irresistible appeal in her beautiful eyes. "Instantly a flush of joy swept over Graham's features; he moved quickly forward, and taking her hands in his, exclaimed:

"My darling, my own Gusie, how could I have been so mad as to believe you capable of it? I can scarcely ask you to forgive me, for wronging you so, for I feel unworthy of your forgiveness. But who, Gusie, who is 'Nellie Nettley'?"

"Nellie Nettley"—oh, shall I break my word and betray her? Yet she has no claim upon my leniency after treating me so cruelly, for now I understand all," said Gusie, incompletely.

Then, before another word could be spoken, the door of the adjoining parlor was thrown open, and the young lady whose company had been so disturbed at the sight of Graham's few moments before, rushed in. She threw herself at Gusie's feet in a perfect abandonment of alarm and confusion, and exclaimed in sterically:

"For Heaven's sake, forgive me, Gusie, and promise that you will never tell papa! Oh, promise me! promise me! PROMISE ME!"

"Nellie Raymond," said Gusie, in a clear ringing tone of accusation, "did you send my photograph to that gentleman to whom you were writing, instead of, as you represented to me, sending him your own?"

"Yes, yes, Gusie! Oh, I did!" the terrified Nellie confessed, "I sent him yours; I thought it would be such fun to make him believe that it was my picture."

"And he matched your 'fun' in an equally fair and honorable way," said Gusie, with cutting irony, "for instead of sending you his own, he sent you Mr. Graham's photograph. It was 'diamond cut diamond,' you see!"

Nellie Raymond knelt, with clasped hands, the very picture of terror and dismay. A few paces from her stood Gusie, proudly erect, and slightly pale with anger, which was so fully justified; and at Gusie's side Charlie Graham stood, with folded arms, grave, silent, yet with a suppressed impatience for the denouement of this interesting little scene betraying itself in his manner.

Suddenly remembering him, Gusie turned with a sweet penitence in her face and manner, and exclaimed in a quick, low tone:

"Oh, Charlie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Ten thousand times, my precious, even if I had not so much cause to ask for your forgiveness!" cried Charlie, rapidly as he enveloped her in his arms, forgetting of the girl's figure that kept, motionless as a statue, in the centre of the room. "Will you wear this again for me, love?" and, as he read the answer in her eyes, Charlie slipped the sparkling solitaire once more on Gusie's white finger, and Heaven was restored to the two lovers.

Just then Graham's glance wandered to Nellie Raymond's kneeling figure. A smile, very, very half-pitying, came into his eyes, and bending his curly head he whispered tenderly to Gusie:

"Shall we not forgive her, darling? She is thoroughly frightened at the unexpected turn affairs have taken, and I'll venture to predict that she will never try anything of this sort again!"

Gusie was quick to assent. Going over to her cousin, she said, taking Nellie's hand in hers:

"Nellie, promise me that you will never do such a mad-cap thing again, and I give you my solemn assurance that neither Uncle Raymond nor any one else shall ever hear of this escapade."

Nellie made the most extravagant promises and protestations; then, without looking at Graham, whom she had not noticed by look or word since she entered the parlor, she rushed away to her own room, after kissing Gusie repeatedly, in her wild gratitude.

To Dick Thornton, old, familiar colleague friend though he was, Charlie Graham could not pass lightly over the offense. When, the next day, he returned to the city it was with the full determination to give the graceless Dick a lesson that he would never forget as long as he lived. But upon reaching his own rooms he found awaiting him a note from Thornton, who had learned upon inquiry, was already off, en route to California, and note to this effect:

"Even I shun you, Charlie, though I strictly deserve it, but I never dreamed of such fearful consequences. I only did it for a lark, and would rather have cut my right hand off than to have offended you so. Can you ever forgive me, old fellow?"

## DICK THORNTON.

There was a peculiar smile in Graham's blue eyes, as he read the note, and for the moment a feeling of the utmost scorn and contempt for the recreant Dick crept over him. Then he said to himself as he tore the note up and tossed it aside:

"Hereafter I shall understand my friend Dick Thornton better. I have always known him to be a reckless scamp; I now know him to be an absolute coward!"

But time brought a modification of Charlie's opinion of that young gentleman. Dick Thornton, instead of going to California, embarked for Europe, and remained almost two years. When he finally returned home, wonderfully improved, handsome than ever, and 'so very distinguished' in appearance, that all the fairest portion of fashionable Philadelphia went wild over him. Graham and Gusie were married, and the happiest couple that ever presided over a "brown-stone front," and Charlie, with the generosity ever characteristic of him, received his old college friend back with open arms, forgiving all the past, and imperatively busing Dick up to sein the lair, with some embarrassment, became an apostle.

Dick was delighted at the reconciliation, and he was at once installed as favorite, and privileged guest, in Graham's domicile. It was there that, during the season, he first met Gusie's cousin, Nellie Raymond, with whom, being very much struck at first sight, he soon became desperately in love. But it was not until after he had successfully wooed and won her, that Charlie told the wonderful secret at which Gusie and he had so often and merrily laughed in private.

But when, in the midst of his laughing and merrily congratulating to the beasted Dick, and the charming Nellie, Charlie begged leave to introduce his 'dear friend, Dick Dashington, to Miss Nellie Nettley, whom he (Dick) doubtless remembered having met at the Glen Mountain House, a few years since,' a scene ensued which we leave to the reader's own imagination.

No very serious consequences followed, however, for within a few months the marriage of Dick and Nellie was consummated with great elation.

Thornton has never been known since then to want a correspondent; and as to Dick Dashington, he lives only in the memory of his friends!

## AN UPLAND WINTER NIGHT.

BY MATTHEW GOTTERSON.

Flower the storm-blown swirls and surges,  
Whirlwind night-drifts sweep the sky;  
Silent sit my wife and I  
And the colties watch and listen  
In a silent strange unrest.  
As we sympathize impressed.  
Neighbors we have nae to crack wi',  
Drowsy nights like this to cheer;  
Wi' the wildness of the night,  
Mornin' on the night we wear.  
In the gles the fox barkis on the hill,  
Fierces the fox barkis on the hill,  
Brings a melancholy thrit.  
And on snow-bound doon and window  
Mystic strokes the pauses fill;  
A' within is hush'd and still.

So we sit and hush'd and listen,  
Unravelled by warmth or light;  
For a sadness steals upon us,  
Wi' the wildness of the night.  
Sister moon falls to the present,  
For the past dies in the present,  
A' its light in shadow lies,  
And through dark trees friendly faces.  
We repine not. Without murmur  
We accept our lot in joy and sorrow  
By the light of the stars it is;  
And we strive to take the portions  
Mostly that to us best.  
Still, we can but brood and listen,  
For a sadness hangs around us,  
Wi' the wildness of the night.

## THREE CENTS."

BY COL. FRENTISS INGRAM.

Bachelor Joe Willis came down the stairs and stepped upon the sidewalk in my very good humor. As he walked sharply to the right, his eye, half unwittingly thrown downwards, took in something which lay glittering upon the pavement.

Being born with the bump of economy, instinct prompted him to stop down and pick it up; but being, as we have stated, in a bad humor, he only grumbled over a "Humph! It's a three-cent piece." Then he pushed on down the street.

Foolish man! could he not feel that this three-cent piece was his destiny?

Half an hour previous, in a small, sparsely-furnished, but scrupulously neat room, a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, from whose cheek poverty and hard work had not yet taken all the bloom, sat sewing.

By her side stood a boy of eight or nine, while upon the uncarpeted floor was play- ing a girl of perhaps half that age.

The afternoon had crept on but slowly for the trio, and the little one had more than once looked up to lip out the query whether ma wasn't "most done."

The stitches flew fast but wearisomely, and the face of the worker spoke volumes as to her wishes, but still she answered:

"N— Mary."

At last she ceased for a moment, and cast doubting looks first at the small boy, and then at the smaller girl.

"John, could you not take Mary out with you, and walk a little? Don't go far; and then you may stop at the store where we were last night, and buy mother a can- dekle we've wanted to have."

"Yes, mother," was the answer, stoutly given, and soon, with his little hand, clutching over a three-cent piece, John led his sister down the narrow stairs and out into the scarcely broader street.

The injunction was not to go far, but the store was nearly three blocks away, and the two had walked to the end of the square before the first novelty of the expedition had worn off.

Then they heard a clattering noise in the distance, and paused and huddled together by the curbside, half in expectancy and half in fear.

The noise sounded louder and clearer. Around the corner like a whirlwind dashed a runaway horse, with the fragments of a buggy clinging to him. He lurched from one side of the street to the other as he ran, and neither stopped or cared for the little shivering mites of humanity, crouched pale and frightened, at the edge of the path.

Prince of beggar, tender infant or gray-haired old man, was all the same to this frightened steed, who swept at and over the frightened couple, and then dashed on, leaving a bloody, tumbled, half-crushed mass of infant humanity lying in a confused and scarcely recognizable heap.

The body was quickly set filled. From hitherto unknown doorways, and areas and lurking places, then started out scores of men and boys and half-clad girls, who gave a look about for the fleeing animal, and two looks and their sympathy to the wrecked infamy before them. Tenderly the hands of rough-coated, shaggy-visaged men, raised the little victims and bore them to a neighboring shop, where they might receive some attention, even if they were those solemn ones that come under the denomination of that dreadful word "last."

They were pretty children, as they lay there upon the counter, their heads supported upon towels of wrapping paper.

They were pretty children, for all their torn clothing and blood-smeared brows; and the sympathy of that crowd was drawn to them as though they were some poor woman's darlings, who through poverty and toil, cared for them as only a fond, loving, dear-hearted mother can.

From out of the crowd that swarmed the door, there came one man, who entered the house as though in authority. At sight of a suppressed wail, he went up, mingled with a whisper: "It's a doctor; we'll all know about it now!"

A noble fellow that doctor was.

Years of contact with every shade of accident, misery and disease among the poverty-stricken and outcast of poorer precincts of the city, had not dulled the heart to the broad fact of human brotherhood. His coat was warm and soft as he wiped away the blood from the bruised little forms, and deeply felt the bruised little forms.

How it came we know not, but in a moment a load was lifted from the hearts of dozens, and a thrill of genuine joy thrashed through even the most abandoned of the curiosity-drawn spectators, as from mouth to mouth was passed the word that there was hope.

Hope! yes hope for life. A hope that the flickering little flame, that seemed wavering on the very turn, might grow and strengthen until once again it should burn strong and steady.

The boy revived first.

From the blank darkness of unconsciousness he bounded once more into all the trial and pains and troubles of life. The look of fright, that had never left his face, deepened as he saw, first the pitying glances of a dozen surrounding men, and heard the surprised murmur from dozens more at the door beyond, then the motionless form by his side.

With a start he raised himself from the counter on which he was lying, and attempted to fling himself upon the breast of his sister. But the pain was too much for him, and he fell back again, his right arm lying limp and powerless by his side.

There was a movement and a convulsive sob on the part of the girl. Then, as Johnny whispered, "Mary," she whispered in response:

"Here, brother, I am here."  
"I'm so glad, Mary, I'm so glad and—oh, Mary, the three cents."

"Have you lost it, brother?"

"Yes, Mary, it is gone—and, oh, what will mother do now for a candle?"

Laughable was that! Something for merriment—that two children right from the jaws of death, only hair's breadth escape from the worms and the mould of the graveyard shroud, with their very second breath, moan for a little, pesty, pitiful three-cent piece! My friend, let me tell you, in the teeth of your smile, that in the cities, and in the towns, and even in the highways and hedge-tows there are thousands to whom the loss of so poor a thing as a three-cent piece means misery—and the gain of a dollar almost utter happiness.

And this was the story that Bachelor Joe Willis heard from a kind-hearted man, who was accompanying the little procession bearing the two children homeward. The stranger felt strongly enough to force it all upon Mr. Willis, when that wretched asked, in a casual way, what all that meant.

Willis heard rather impatiently of the two children and the runaway horse, the suspended corpus, and their subsequent vivification; whilst the erect body and head look warily through the waters of their miniature sea. And when they detach themselves, they swim about in the erect position by means of the two pectoral or breast fins, which are generally poised on the tail, as it were; the latter being coiled around a bit of sea-weed, whilst the erect body and head look warily through the waters of their miniature sea.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SONG TO EDINA.

BY GATHERING FOLKS.

Waken with thy starry eyes,  
Day hath need of thee;  
Morning sunlight may not rise  
Upon earth until me.

Sweet, the birds have happy notes,  
Fine, the meadowlark;  
Softer, still, thy singing strain,  
Like a drifting breeze.  
Trill, thouark!

Summer's most sweet epitome  
In the warm, sweet life,  
Thou art the sun, the moon,  
Thou with light and life;

Frivolous lip.

**EDINA.**

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN."

(This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 8. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HARD LINES.

Lying in her darkened chamber, sick almost unto death, was Mrs. Frank Raynor. A baby, some few days old, slept in a cot by the wall. No other child had been born to her, until now, since that season of peril at Eagles' Nest; and just as her life had nearly paid the forfeit then, it had again now. She was in danger still; she herself, thinking dying.

An attentive nurse moved noiselessly about the room. Edina stood by the bed, fanning the poor pale face resting on it. The window was open as far as it would go, behind the blind; the invalid's persistent cry throughout the morning had been, "Give me air!"

A light, quick step on the stairs, and Frank entered. He took the fan from Edina, drew hand into his strong one, and she seized on the opportunity to go down to the kitchen, to help Eve with the jelly ordered by Dr. Tymms, a skillful practitioner of repute, who had been in constant attendance. Daisy opened her eyes to look at her husband, and the nurse quitted the room, leaving them together.

"You will soon get about again, my darling," said Frank, in his low, earnest, and hopeful tones, that were worth their weight in gold to a sick chamber. "Tymms assures me you are better this morning."

"I don't want to get about," faintly responded Daisy.

"Not want to get about!" cried Frank, uncertain whether it would be best to treat the remark lightly, as a passing fancy emanating from weakness, or to inquire further into it—for everything said by his wife now but this depressing tenor.

"And you ought to know that I can not wish it," she resumed.

"But I do not know it, Daisy, my love. I know not why you should speak so."

"I shall be glad to die."

Frank bent a little lower, forgetting the fan. "Daisy, I truly and honestly believe that you will recover; that the turning point has come and gone. Tymms thinks so. Why, yesterday you could not have talked as you are talking now."

"I know I am dying. And it is so much the better for me."

He put his hand under the pillow, raising it slightly to bring his face nearer his, and spoke very tenderly and persuasively. He knew she was not dying; that she was in fact improving.

"The darling children are getting better, and will get better. But, were it as you think, Daisy—otherwise—all the more reason would exist for telling me what you mean, and why you have for so long a time been in this depressed state of mind. Let me know the cause, Daisy."

For a few minutes she did not answer, and there ensued a pause. Frank thought that she was deliberating whether or not she should answer—and he was not mistaken. She shut her eyes again, and he took up the fan.

"I have thought, while lying here, that I should like to tell you before I die," spoke Daisy at last. "But you don't need telling."

"I do, indeed."

"It is because you no longer love me. Perhaps you never loved me at all. You care for somebody else, not for me."

In very astonishment, Frank let fall the fan on the counterpane. "And who is somebody else?"

"Oh, you know."

"Daisy, this is a serious charge, and you must answer me. I do not know."

She turned her face toward him, but so hurried it on the pillow that hardly any of it was visible, not speaking. Frank waited; he was ransacking his brains.

"Surely you cannot mean Edina?"

A petulant, reproachful, movement betrayed her thoughts. "Edina! Who was an angel on earth, and so good to them all!" and older, besides. The tears began to drop slowly from her closed lashes, for she thought he must be playing with her.

"You will be sorry for it when I am gone, Frank. Edina."

"Who is it, Daisy?"

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESPERANZA,  
or the  
Story of the Swallows.

These were the last words Hope said to Denis, as he turned stoutly from his own home.

"Denis," said she, "in Damascus, once, a proud and rich man being asked for help by a poor neighbor, whose shop had been burnt, drove out the wretched, and cast a stone at him."

"Those who saw the act cried shame, and then were silent with wonder, for the poor tailor stooped, picked up the stone, and placed it in his wallet."

"From that day the stone never left him, and, hoping and working, prosperity came back to him."

"Lo! one day, the rich man daring fortune, lost his all, and more than all. In those days, in Damascus, when a man deserved more than he could pay, he would settle with his creditors in this manner. He was mounted on a donkey, his head towards the tail; and, in this position, he was paraded through the town, while the people had free voice to call him what they thought of him."

"Now it was that the tailor took the stone from his wallet, and was about to cast it, when seeing his face in a mirror, he saw it red and angry."

"His very honor forbade him cast down the stone."

"His face, as seen in the glass, grew once more honest."

"'Fool,'" said he, "to carry the stone these many years, when I need not have picked it up!"

"From all of which, my Denis, I argue that it is wise never to cast stones or injure any other man; while if a stone be thrown at thee, or an injury come thy way, it is best to avoid the one, forget the other, and leave the stone in the dust of forgetfulness."

"I will," said Denis.

So out into the world he went. Hope kissed her fair hands to Baucis and Philemon, and the years, and the swift years, and the changing years, rolled on, on, on.

You will not find the word "hoper," in the dictionary, but it is a fine word, and a brave one.

Health and hope, no matter what shape the latter takes—they are the aim and end of all men, rich and poor, powerful and powerless.

Baucis and Philemon tried to hope to see again their Denis.

During the first year they hoped for the next, during the second they hoped more warmly.

Never for a moment did they despair of seeing their son again.

Nay, gradually they came to believe that their son would come back to them from over the hill, looking towards the east, and at sunrise.

Hand in hand, Philemon and Baucis prided; hand in hand looked from the majesty of the sun to the wealth of the green valley, and watched along the road for Denis.

Passing foot-travelers, going to their work in the first year of their hopefulness, would now and again laugh and gently satirize them.

One said perhaps, "Denis has not come this morn."

"And if he comes not to-morrow?"

"Then next day."

"And if not this year?"

"Next year."

"And if never?"

"Never; not until he never can come shall we cease from hoping."

At last, as the years went on, and as their hair grew gray, the simple people of Arcadia began to think the couple somewhat absurd.

So they watched.

It was upon his birthday anniversaries that they talked the most.

"He hath a beard now," said Baucis, when they called him twenty-one.

"And he hath grown broader in the shoulders," added Philemon.

When ten more years had passed, however, they still thought him twenty-one.

They could place a beard upon the moulded chin of their fair Denis; but they could not change the face into that of the thinker of thirty.

They bearded him, and left the face the fault of youth.

Baucis never doubted she could make her arms meet about his waist.

Philemon felt no conviction that his son might think differently from himself.

After ten hopeless years, their lasting trust fixed him at twenty-one.

Their hope and the daily walk at dawn they took, repaid them fourfold in the measure of their generous love.

Once the sweet sunrise work of welcoming the sun, and looking for their boy, being passed, they went cheerfully to their cot, and smiled and worked.

He gained ample for their simple wants, and she spread their gains with caution.

Ten, twenty years flowed sweetly past.

They never ceased to hope, they never ceased to smile, they ever wore a patient, cheery look.

The true twas slower work o' climb the mountain side, but every morn they reached the top.

Truly the wrinkles came, and their thinning hair was white. But their cheeks were bright, their eyes were gentler, and their lips were curved with pleasant smiles.

Sometimes at sunrise a traveler approached, and their hearts beat. But never once was that traveler their Denis.

At last, when he was seventy and she was near that age, and by that time they were reverenced, reaching the summit of their hill of hope, they found their neighbor in the valley measuring the ground.

"What do you there, neighbors?" asked Philemon.

"We are about to build a temple to Hope," said Ramabiff, "for here hope has ruled thirty years. The temple doorway shall point to the east, so that the rising sun, the altar, mark you, Philemon, the doorway—*for hope has no door to shut—it welcomes all and everything.*"

"So also shall the roof be partly open," said Georgia, "for hope shall not out the stars, and stars would be the temple of Hope where the stars were absent."

"And the sun shall shine through the round opening in the roof," said Algebra; "round like himself, and his light cutting on the arches we will build, shall make

new moons of light, and symbolize his marriage with Diana."

"What will ye call, the temple, friends?" asked Baucis.

"Pantheon," said Ramabiff, "for hope is greater than all the gods, and includes all their attributes. We shall write Hope upon the front of our temple, and this word shall ever meet the uprising sun."

"So please you, neighbors," said white-haired Philemon—and it was at this moment that the first golden line of the sun rose above the horizon—"we fear, Baucis and I, that when your great Temple of Hope is built ye will not let my wife and myself come here to watch the home-coming of our son."

"Why not?"

"We should stand near the temple, watching for our son, and mayhap bar the way to worshippers."

"Why thou simple heart," says Strommon, "we build the temple for thee and thy fair wife, for we do think the goddess Hope loves ye more than all other mortals that do breathe; and so we dedicate one temple to Hope, and make of ye, O Baucis! O Philemon! our high priest and priestess! Design but to serve our temple, to mediate for us with our lady Hope, and we shall fairly reward you!"

"The ones who saw the act cried shame, and then were silent with wonder, for the poor tailor stooped, picked up the stone, and placed it in his wallet."

"From that day the stone never left him, and, hoping and working, prosperity came back to him."

"Lo! one day, the rich man daring fortune, lost his all, and more than all. In those days, in Damascus, when a man deserved more than he could pay, he would settle with his creditors in this manner. He was mounted on a donkey, his head towards the tail; and, in this position, he was paraded through the town, while the people had free voice to call him what they thought of him."

"The marble shall be fair," said Ramabiff, "but not so fair as ye, O Baucis! O Philemon!"

And here, when the temple was finished, they brought Philemon and Baucis, and near at hand, they built a stout stone butt which lasts to this day in the singing land of Arcadia.

The temple is long since down; the very foundation is covered with earth and dancing bramble, and the statue of Truth has passed into other hands. But, hale and whole, stands the old cot, for it was small, and firmly built, and the winds that assailed it did not move it. The marble is still, and the wild men who came and threw down the walls of marble left the hut built of squared stones.

The Tailor's wife has the following gallant history:—The young lady who wears a wheel of heterogeneity will do well to sit down on the street will take the middle of the street, and not the sidewalk, she will have inaugurated a new public reform.

Ardent lover, pouring out his passionate devotion in verse, spilling over that white light, when he saw her in the mirror, under the silent stars. In print he was made to say that he "kicked her under the collar stairs."

HATTIE WIT.—Mrs. Ramsbottom was told of a hat which was constructed with an air chamber.

"It is a settled principle, your honour," said an eminent lawyer, "that unless always produce effects." They always do for the years," blandly responded the judge; "but I've sometimes known a single clause to deprive a client of all his effects."

HATCH GARDEN—said that of the thousands he sent to the market he ever received back a five dollar note included in a letter, and upon tracing out the writer of the letter he found it came from a lunatic in the U.S.A. Asylum.

An old bachelor, who, upon his blessed singleness so much as when he was awakened at midnight by a masked burglar, and painfully realized the fact, as he "scratches" over and over again, that there is no loving heart lying on the outside of the bed, to discuss the situation with the intruder.

If there is one thing like me more than another, it is a simple, direct, intelligible statement of something we are interested in. How does one make himself gratified to his friends? Agents for information, or the public? Agents for information, or the public?

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